

T H E

12

S I L V E R T A I L,

A T A L E;

I N T W O H E R O I C K E P I S T L E S.

B E I N G

S I G N I O R A A * * G * * * E ' S A N S W E R

T O

M R. S * * * Z.

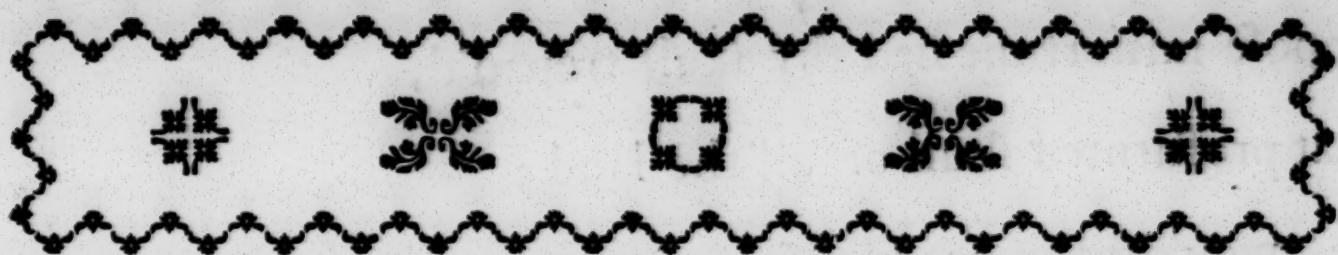
And does it tempt thy sacreligious Hands,
Or is it what the needy State demands?
Oh! had'st thou, cruel! been content to seize—
Goods more in fight—or any *Goods* but these.

L O N D O N :

Printed for S. BLADON, No. 16, Paternoster Row, and sold at the West End of the Town.

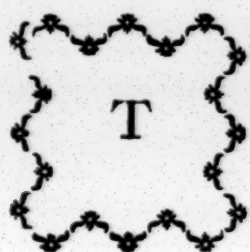
[P R I C E O N E S H I L L I N G .]





T H E

S I L V E R - T A I L.



ELL me, ye learned pedants of the age,
Ye brawlers of the Commons and the stage;
And thou, supreme of all the letter'd fools,

The turgid, bombast fungous of the schools!

Dar'ft thou in this prepost'rously agree,

**Taxation is no Tyranny on Me!*

B

Suppose

** Doctor Samuel Johnson, a pensioner to the Whig court—though a rank Tory in principle, hath published, as an hireling of the Crown, an unprincipled Pamphlet, entitled, "Taxation no Tyranny;" by way of supporting the wicked measures of the court, in their oppressions of the injured Americans.*

Suppose misfortune had thy skull trepan'd,
 That prostituted skull of all the land ;
 Say, wou'dst thy head be subject to a rate,
 As made of worth, by being made of plate ?
 Or would the state forgot their tax on thee,
 To cherish up thy letter'd infamy,
 And take thy prostituted brains and sense
 In lieu of Gold—the King's omnipotence ?

Is this the clime where honour, virtue, worth,
 Confess their parents, and proclaim their birth ?
 Is this the shore abroad so highly sung,
 The fav'rite theme of ev'ry Syren tongue ;
 Whose hospitality invites the breeze,
 To bear it's fame o'er distant lands and seas ?
 Is this the isle of genius, beauty, love,
 Where the Nine sisters and the Graces rove ?

Is this the spot where genuine valour shines,
 Where science opens wide her classic mines,
 Where manners, courtesy, and sense prevail;
 And shall these join to tax a lady's tail?

Can'st thou, the weakest of this giddy land,
 Receive a tax at my fair virgin hand?
 It would become the state and thee much more,
 To take like pimps a poundage of each whore:
 But if America the crown defies,
 The state must tax the ladies lips and eyes;
 And if they cannot pay your hounds must seize,
 The little wardrobes of the girls of ease:
 Th' Exchequer thus a pop-shop shall become,
 And rather that, than tax a lady's bum:
 Then ev'ry year promote an annual sale,
 Encrease the civil list—but spare my *Tail*!

Make

Make Mother Mitchell, Charlotte Hays subscribe,
 Impose a cefs on all the wanton tribe !
 Charms can't subdue the rigour of thy heart,
 Nor raife thee to perform a noble part !
 Bedford, Amelia Coventry may plead
 In vain, they'll never raife thee to the deed.
 Thy foul at fuch inspiring eyes nor fprings,
 Tho' worthy heathen Gods and mortal Kings !
 Thy icy foul nor beauty's fun can melt,
 As D'eon flack, and as Tenducci gelt.
 Can Madam Banks, or her fair chicken's move,
 With their foft, velvet hands fome hopes of love ?
 Shall Charlotte Spencer, whose fuccefs is known,
 With ev'ry booby Duke and Lord in Town ;
 Shall fhe attempt, tho' in the yellow leaf
 Of time to give thy chilly foul relief ?
 Shall Betsey Stevenfon from Grosvenor rove,
 Whose heav'nly fmile would teach a hermit love :

Shall

Shall she with sweet simplicity of grace,
 The power of musick and the power of face,
 Shall she, the fav'rite lass of all this land,
 In vain implore thee in her cause to stand?
 Art thou a new Narcissus of this shore,
 Who gazes at thyself, thyself thine whore?
 If such thy misery, and cursed case,
 May'st thou within the stream adore thy face:
 Praising thy little self, expend thy little breath,
 And like Narcissus —— thyself to death.

What curs'd infatuation could inspire,
 What genius haunt me, or what devil fire!
 To quit Italia's sunny, fragrant clime,
 And risk my honour, nor commit a crime;
 What with my natal star could thus prevail,
 To force me thence—and here to shew my *Tail*?

O say ye Cognocenti of this isle,
 On whom the wizards and the witches smile;
 Who long have studied, but who've never known,
 The great and mighty philosophick stone;
 That stone, or stones the grand elixir nam'd,
 For high metallick transmutation fam'd!
 O grant this lapidary pow'r to *North*,
 To stop taxation, and improve his worth:
 And as th' Exchequer clerks the gift still suits,
 Do not forget the wants of C——y S—z!
 “ For money being to all the common scale
 “ Of things by measure, ell, yard, weight, and tale,
 “ In all the great affairs of church and state,
 “ It is the mighty ballance and the weight:
 Or else necessity could ne'er prevail,
 To make the Premier tax a *Lady's Tail*?

Is there a Fribble in the round of *ton*,
 So lank, so lean, so lathy, and so long ;
 That should in all so much regard his fame,
 And even study to conceal his shame !
 Thou stood'st ignobly forth in public court,
 The scorn of harlots—and the widows' sport ;
 How ill it doth become thee now to rail,
 Who even wanteth more than me a *tail* ?

Shall beauteous BEDFORD contributions make
 On ev'ry Irish Duke and Irish rake ;
 Shall she supinely on her sofa lay,
 And bid Lord B—— call a cooler day ?
 Shall Champignè—the sprightly gay Brunette,
 Bind lordly Cits in more than Vulcan's net ?
 Nay shew her pow'r at ev'ry City *Fetè*,
 And e'en in love make squinting Jack look straight !

Shall

Shall these untax'd exult, nor I prevail,
 With a far brilliant voice, and richer *tail* ?

Is there, ye sailors, such a savage clime
 Which makes misfortune any where a crime ?
 Tell me, ye gallant sons of truth and mirth,
 Who've put a girdle round the pregnant earth ;
Banks and *Solander*, gallant *Byron* tell,
 Is there a shore that doth this shore excel ?
 What did ye not, ye voyagers, enjoy
 With *OBEREA* and her *Areoy* ?
 Was not all nature there expos'd to please,
 And inclination brought you on your knees ?
 Did not the Queen display you all her charms,
 And kindly clasp you in her velvet arms ?
 And when she turn'd, pray did ye jeer or hum,
 Or stigmatize her *checquer'd* *tatow'd* Bum ?

Were

Were ye not strangers there, and shall I fail,
 A hapless voyager—nor save my tail?
 Shall vice triumphant innocence subdue,
 And private woes stand forth to public view?
 Shall my misfortunes far and near be told,
 And made of ev'ry wicked use for gold?
 If such the brutal manners of your shore,
 No polish'd strangers will frequent it more.
 'Tis fit alone for monsters that it breeds,
 A horrid chaos of discordant feeds!
 For this reward, and did I hither fail,
 With my sweet silver tongue—to shew my silver tail?

Is there an — beneath the Latin skies,
 That doth so brilliant to the senses rise:
 Not that of him, who holds the page's post
 To Jove, can such a beauteous buttock boast:

D

Tho'

Tho' Italy and Turkey both are fam'd,
 Their vulgar tails with mine cannot be nam'd.
 Not the bright beauteous Goddesses on high,
 Who reign above the lofty starry sky;
 No, nor the Graces gay, or Muses Nine,
 Should they in competition all incline,
 Can their immortal tails expose with mine.
 But let this news the bawdy breezes bear,
 And whisper't in each greedy gossip's ear !

In *Arno's* Vale, where beauty's *Goddefs stands,
 Where gropeing antiquarians lift their hands :
 Close to the *Ano* of sweet †*Arno's* Queen,
 These eyes first open'd on the beauteous scene !

A classick

* The celebrated statue of Venus of Medicis.

† The River Arnus rises in the Apenine Mountains, and runs past Florence to Pisa.

A classick spot, where few a birth can boast,
 The swiftest river on Italia's coast:
 Whose water from high *Apenninus* falls,
 And washes *Florence*, and white *Pisa's* walls.
 Here nature *Bastardini* coarsely hurl'd,
 And left an hapless orphan to the world:
 'Twas here, neglected in my infant years,
 Long ere I knew the force of hopes or fears,
 Crawling about upon my hands and knees,
 A monster did your *Bastardini* seize;
 'Twas famine urg'd—and how could tears prevail,
 When hunger led him to my tender tail?
 But shall you still with more than savage rage,
 Pursue misfortune in this iron age?
 Oh had my voice been in that hapless hour,
 But half so soft and sweet—as now mature;

The

The beast abash'd—his hunger had forgot,
 Own'd musick's pow'r—and lick'd the hallow'd spot.
 But what might conquer brutes beneath the poles,
 Can't touch a chord of your untuned souls.
 Of earth, *Excise*, thou art the fellest breed,
 By *Despotism* got on royal need;
 Suckled by *Tyranny*—train'd up in *Law*,
 And damn'd *Oppression* sharpen'd ev'ry claw:
 Search earth, sea, air, the *Inquisition* too,
Amboyna's brutes—the Spaniards of *Peru*,
 And all in this grand chorus will agree,
Excise, there's nought so fell, so damn'd as thee.

Is there no hope for me, a wretched maid,
 Plunder'd, undone, forsaken, and betray'd!
 Shall my sweet pipe succeed with savage brutes,
 And have no force with gentle Tommy S—z?

Shall

Shall I in vain implore upon my knees,
 And wilt thou, still determin'd, rudely seize?
 Shall I in vain remonstrate like the Mayor,
 Shall all my contrite wishes melt in air?
 Nor wilt thou, nor thy master lend his ears,
 Than to America in blood and tears?
 Ye Gods 'tis vain!—my flag of hope I strike,
 The Lord and all his clerks are all alike.

This for the last;—and may your future days
 Be unadorn'd with madrigals of praise;
 May no sweet maiden weep thy adverse fate,
 Nor fortune's wheels be subject to thy rate;
 But may'st thou have the real cause to find,
 That very loss before—which I've behind!
 Farewel, harsh man—since nothing will prevail,
 Fulfill the law—and enter, pray, my *Tail*!

THE END.

This Day is Published, Price 1s.

By S. BLADON, No. 16, *Pater-noster Row*,

The FEATHERS, A TALE,

**Or, VENUS surpassed by a BEAUTY in GROSVENOR
SQUARE.**

See Last Sheet but one in this Volume.



